

PRETTY ALICE BEHIND BARS. CIGARETTES KILLED HIM.

NOTES ON SPORTING TOPICS.

Dead Lover, Stolen Will and Lost Fortune All Mythical.

But No Myth About the Charge on Which She Is Held.

Alice Keating is not yet buried, and in deep and mournful weeds with a daintily woven banner and wreath of crepe, she presented a picture of ominous innocence and wan-faced suffering as she stood before Justice Kenne in the Gates Avenue Police Court, Brooklyn, this morning.

"Alice Keating, alias Alice Hines, you are charged with grand larceny in that you did take, steal and carry away from the house of Alfred Keyser, 61 Brooklyn avenue, certain articles, to wit: one lady's watch, one gold basket; a pearl, one diamond pin, one ivory box containing a gold band wedding ring, three children's rings, three jeweled buttons, one opal pin, eight linen handkerchiefs, together with several articles of clothing, with intent to defraud the owner of them."

Thus spoke Justice Kenne, the model police magistrate of the metropolitan district.

The petite and bewitchingly pretty Alice waited with drooping eyes. Beauty spots of roseate hue grew upon her milk-white, dimpled cheeks.

At the close she said:

"I will wait for the Grand Jury, sir."

She said it very faintly and her counsel, Fenton Rockwell, repeated the waiver of examination, whereupon the engaging little knock-kneed was held without bail and was returned to the prisoner's pen, where she said to an EVENING WORLD reporter:

"I'll be out soon enough. They've locked me up, but never for long. Two years ago they sent me to the House of the Good Shepherd. Old Mr. Neary, the agent for the Children's Society, took me, and—he, he, he! I nearly got out again. I was there six months, I wish they'd send me back with Mr. Neary. I'd get away easy enough."

Alice Keating was arrested by Detective O'Neill of the Twelfth Precinct, while she was enlisting the officers of the tenth in trying to find a mythical lawyer who, she said, had raised her of a mythical tin box containing a mythical will of a mythical lover who had left her a mythical fortune of \$11,000.

Her story was that she was Alice Hines, and that her lover, Dr. Charles Smith, had first met and loved her while she was a nurse at the Brooklyn Home for Consumptives; that she was there six months, and during that time Dr. Smith died, leaving her by will his fortune in several baus.

She was telling the wif, together with certain jewelry, in a tin box to the Surrogate's office, on J. A. 1, when she met a man who took the box, saying he would get the will pronounced.

The detectives found that all her provable statements were false, and accidentally discovered that Alice Hines was really Alice Keating and a servant girl whom he hired on the morning of New Year's Day, and who decamped that same evening with her and Mrs. Keyser were at the theatre, taking with her \$200 worth of property.

He said he was the absent one, and that her companion had stolen her lost jewels from the jewels which she had stolen from his wife's bureau.

Alice was arrested at the house of Mrs. Alfred Keyser, 61 Brooklyn, by Detectives Serris, O'Neill and Hardele. She stoutly denied Mr. Keyser's story, but pawn tickets were found on the watch and \$15.50 in the Keyston ring. Then Mr. Keyser discovered that Miss Alice was breaking in a brand-new pair of kid gloves he had given her, and a matron disturbing the girl found that all her underclothing belonged to Mr. Keyser.

Alice still stoutly insisted that the story of the brand-new pair of kid gloves was true, and says that she was in no way inimical to him.

Since her appearance in the Police Court, however, several changes have occurred in her story. It is certain that at least six weeks before she was taken into custody she had been remiss in her payment of the rent, and spent the money in the purchase of a watch. Another related, and Alice was incarcerated.

She was then another girl named Annie Hastings, who became the bride of a dweller in the dead of night, but she escaped uneventfully.

It is known that she was arrested for stealing from the home of James Gallager, 914 Lafayette avenue, and she seems to have been a girl of good character.

Agent Neary says that on the occasion that he took her to the House of the Good Shepherd he was a man of about twenty-five years, with brown hair, mustache and chin whiskers, was found in the doorway of 33 Bedford street, at 5 o'clock this morning.

He wore a brown suit of clothes, a blue shirt and a plaid hat.

Contrasts by Our Chauncey.

Mr. Depew's Interesting Talk for the Press Club's Benefit.

A delighted audience that nearly filled the Broadway Theatre last night heard Chauncey M. Depew talk about "Contrasts." It was the first of a series of lectures in aid of the Building Fund of the New York Press Club, and it was an eminently successful opening of the course.

Mr. Depew was in his best mood, and he entertained his hearers with his choicest anecdotes of contrasts. The difference in the English appreciation of humor and ours, he was one of the most interesting contrasts.

In narration he told the tale of his first visit to the North Pole, and another girl named Annie Hastings broke into the tale of a dweller in the dead of night, but she escaped uneventfully.

It is known that she was arrested for stealing from the home of Mary Parker, 1 Belmont Avenue, Brooklyn.

In April, 1888, Alice Keating, charged with grand larceny before Justice Kenne, pleaded guilty to perjury, and sentence was suspended.

In March, 1889, Alice Keating was charged with larceny from the home of James Gallagher, 914 Lafayette avenue, and she seems to have been a girl of good character.

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Living Dead in a Doorway.

The body of a tall man of about thirty-five years, with brown hair, mustache and chin whiskers, was found in the doorway of 33 Bedford street, at 5 o'clock this morning.

Miriam jerked away her hand.

"Nonsense!" she said shortly. "Come, Mr. Trevanion, we are rightly served for listening even for one instant to such a string of superstitious absurdities."

"And you, young man?" the bedlam turned to Trevanion—"your book of life has two volumes—the second is brighter than the first! Now go—your fortune is told!"

Philip Trevanion looked annoyed, too; but in the same instant his eye fell on a slender little girl who had been leaning against the trunk of a tree—a child of thirteen or fourteen, whose magnificent black orbs were curiously eying them.

"Did you ever see such a lovely face?" he asked, enthusiastically. "She might sit as a model for Esther the Jewess!"

"Do let us get away," Miriam said, pettishly; and they walked in silence for several minutes.

"Tell me what my future husband will be like?" hazarded Miss Westerly, with a side glance at Mr. Trevanion's dark, handsome face.

At length the girl looked winningly up in her companion's face, her golden hair

NOTES ON SPORTING TOPICS.

Willie Bird's Life Went Out in Awful Agony.

But No Myth About the Charge on Which She Is Held.

Willie Bird is on Death's master roll as the latest victim of the cigarette, and his wasted body lies today in his mother's home, 336 Sixth Street, awaiting burial.

THE EVENING WORLD of Saturday told the story of young Bird's practice of smoking package after package of the poisonous weeds, and how he lay stricken to a couch in General Hospital, his intellect shattered, his constitution weaker than a baby, and with teeth even then stamped upon his pallid brow.

From the hour on Friday when Willie bird was taken to Governor Hospital, a senseless wreck of humanity, until death merely released him from earthly bondage yesterday morning, he was known no moments of reason or freedom from pain and horror.

He lay for hour after hour, his thin, purplish lips parted over his tobacco-stained teeth, gasping for breath and panting with a fear horrible to behold.

His last, thin, face, followed by the tint of nicotine was serried with lines of agony. It was awful to see the unfortunate boy suffer so, and it was most painful indeed when the King of Terrors stepped in and laid White Bird.

Dr. J. T. Johnson, who had Bird's case in charge, had a remote hope of saving the boy if he could be induced to give up his evil habit. The nurses could force but little from him, however, and every hour he grew weaker and weaker. The end came yesterday morning.

He had been a cigarette fiend for five years and it was his daily habit to sniff away a miniature steam engine for four or five boxes of the deadly things were consumed.

BEATTIE'S BROKEN PROMISE.

Rain Shows that New York Streets Are Filthier Than Ever Before.

The "January thaw" has come, and has furnished the most convincing proof yet of the inefficiency of street-cleaning methods as administered in this city.

When the Board of Estimate and Apportionment acceded to all Commissioner Beattie's demands in the way of appropriations that official boldly promised that he would have the streets thoroughly cleaned in a week.

Mr. Beattie got his money. Nearly two weeks have elapsed since that time, but the clean streets are still in the dim and shadowy future.

It is true that the Commissioner has put extra forces of men at work and has succeeded in putting some of the principal and most frequented thoroughfares in fairly presentable condition. The cross streets, however, and those in the poorer east and west side tenement houses are particularly dirty.

The snow and ice which disappeared from the effect of yesterday's fierce rain-storm had given way from view, but our old descriptions of some localities it is almost indiscriminate.

In the eastern, swarming mass of corruption that is New York, all its rottenness has not been removed, and it is certain that at least six weeks before the winter comes to an end.

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FROM THE WORLD OF LABOR.

Textile Workers' Union No. 29 will meet next week.

W. H. Washington has been elected Secretary of Federated Labor Federation.

The Glass Cap Makers' Union will elect a working delegate this week.

In H. H. Rogers' shop, 121 Madison Avenue, Brooklyn, has been opened a cigar shop.

The chamber and business department of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce is in a flourishing condition.

The Knights of Labor, 100 Franklin Street, Boston, have organized a branch of the Knights of Labor.

How long will labor organizations continue to grow?

Knights' Union has over 2,000 members at present.

Carpenters' Union No. 201 of the Brotherhood, will have their annual ball on Feb. 28, the 10th Annual Ball.

The National Council of the Knights of Labor, 100 Franklin Street, New York, will be held on Jan. 20.

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